

## SAILORS OF FLEET CHEER PRESIDENT

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scattered the calm. The thousand of sailors massed on the quarterdeck may have led the cheering chorus, but it was the 2,000 bluejackets of the Pennsylvania that gave body to the cheering.

A few moments later 20,000 officers and sailors were standing at attention as from the bands of the anchored fleet drifted the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" down the wind, and presently the fleet's saluting guns were ripping the echoes with the final Presidential salute of the day. It was the end of a state ceremony, the climax of the first Presidential fleet review that had been held for six years.

### Big Welcome for Fleet.

The yacht Mayflower entered Hampton Roads in a very literal cold, gray dawn. When craft from the harbor, from Norfolk, Newport News, Old Point Comfort and the army and navy bases discovered her early in the morning she gleamed silver and white against the fog fluffs that were lazily billowing in from the entrance of Hampton Roads between Cape Henry and Cape Charles.

To the left of the President's yacht rode the little yacht Sylph, flagship of the Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby, and flying also the four starred flag of the Naval Chief of Operations, Admiral Kooniz. As the morning lost its infancy the sea floor filled with craft invited to the ceremony—a chunky, competent navy tug carrying nobody knows how many million dollars of journalistic brains; an Eagle boat, No. 15, traffic cop for the day and incessantly flustered over the impudent essays of public vessels to invade the invisible lines; the Morgan yacht Corsair, other tugs with the Rear Admiral commanding the fifth naval station and lesser navy and army officers, and half a dozen chartered steamboats black with humanity.

The Mayflower was so posted that the President could have a perfect survey of the incoming fleet as it swept into Hampton Roads between the Virginia Capes and steamed up to the entrance of the inner harbor.

At 8 A. M., when the sun gave the coldest possible promise through low hanging clouds, colors sounded on the Mayflower, and the Stars and Stripes appeared magically at her aft. The flag of the President of the United States, the President's coat of arms upon a blue field with four white stars, one in each corner, was already at the main peak, looking remarkably like a pirate's skull and bones in the murk and mist of the air. Soon after the colors enlightened the President and Mrs. Harding and their guests appeared from below and began to pick out to the right and left and forward and astern points of interest in the region of the Roads.

With them were Senator and Mrs. Medell McCormick of Illinois, Senator and Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York, Senator and Mrs. Miles Poindexter of Washington, Senator Frederick Hale of Maine, Senator Claude Swanson of Virginia, Brig-Gen.

Charles E. Sawyer, the President's physician, and George B. Christian, Jr., secretary to the President.

### Navy Aircraft on Scene.

As they stood on the Mayflower's quarterdeck flying craft of the navy began to rise up like great gray ducks from the naval training base at Wiltoughby Spit, to the south of Fort Monroe. First came the flying boats, five roaring birds in close formation, a sweeping triangle winging as the wild geese wing. They passed over the Mayflower, their pilots swinging a friendly greeting, and the President raised his hat in answering salute.

While they sported in the upper air the first of two navy dirigibles lifted above the skyline and swam into the cloud banks, catching at times a fast-flying sun gleam that turned its curving sides to purest polished silver. It came across to the wind to salute the Mayflower while speeding sixty miles an hour. Then as it reduced speed and merely drifted 2,000 feet above the President's yacht one could see without binoculars the slowly turning propellers back of the swinging cage holding its crew.

Then came an army plane that shot high in the air and far out over Hampton Roads. This, the navy men chuckled, was against all rules and regulations, for it is a punishable sin for the army planes to fly over water and for sea planes to take the air over land, but what are rules and regulations on such an occasion? Even the navy onlookers admitted that the army could not reasonably be expected to sit back without some representation when the chief of both army and navy was among those present. Whoever he was he came roaring over the Mayflower, and he, too, got acknowledgment from the President and gave way of the hand from Mrs. Harding.

More planes shot up from the sea and the air and far out over Hampton Roads. This, the navy men chuckled, was against all rules and regulations, for it is a punishable sin for the army planes to fly over water and for sea planes to take the air over land, but what are rules and regulations on such an occasion? Even the navy onlookers admitted that the army could not reasonably be expected to sit back without some representation when the chief of both army and navy was among those present. Whoever he was he came roaring over the Mayflower, and he, too, got acknowledgment from the President and gave way of the hand from Mrs. Harding.

The Corsair, carrying Herbert L. Satterlee, who was Assistant Secretary of the Navy back in President Roosevelt's Administration, swung round the stern of the Mayflower and dropped anchor 400 yards to west, dipping her colors just as she made the curve. The Mayflower responded promptly.

### Fleet Comes in Sight.

It was then 8:30 A. M. and the signalman upon the conning platform of the Mayflower's bridge had found something to interest them and to communicate to the ships of the waiting fleet. With arms stretched up and down they let it be known to all men in seeing distance that the flagship of the Atlantic fleet had lifted the horizon and was boring visibly through the mist banks between Henry and Charles. And so it was, for without glasses one could now make out, dim, vague but enormously impressive, the towering basket masts of the Pennsylvania, flagship of Admiral Henry B. Wilson, fleet commander; Capt. George C. Day and officer, crew and marines to the number of 1,300 men. And behind her, even more faintly, could just be discerned the graceful lift of the colors of the works of the following dreadnoughts.

At the main peak of the Pennsylvania flew the flag of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt. At her forepeak was Admiral Wilson's flag, ordinarily the fleet commander would have flown a blue flag with four stars, but Admiral Kooniz had that right today as the Chief of Operations and his preemption of the blue left the red to Wilson.

The great dreadnought came on at

eight knots following a northwest course as if it had been laid down with white tape. She led the second battleship, Utah, by an even 800 yards. From the Utah snapped the blue field three starred flag of Vice-Admiral Hilary Jones, commanding the fifth division. The column after the Utah was spaced at 400 yards, and the whole parade past the President did a single ship vary the precise interval by as much as a yard.

At Thimble Light and passing a buoy which marks in melancholy fashion a sunken wreck that threatens the life of careless craft the Pennsylvania suddenly veered from northwest to southeast, swinging swiftly as a rapier in the hand of a fencing master. She came on steadily toward the Mayflower, a tremendous, ponderous steel fort, yet with something inconceivably light and graceful about her despite her bulk and brown. As her clipper bow came in line with the Mayflower she let go the first gun of a twenty-one gun salute. Gun by gun the compliment to the President whirled the air. When it was done the Mayflower replied sedately with seventeen guns the honor due to the rank of Admiral in the United States Navy, the compliment to Henry B. Wilson, who had trained the 20,000 officers and men for long hard weeks off Guantanamo.

### Warships Salute President.

The Pennsylvania's side was manned by her bluejackets, an unbroken fence of stiffly erect sailors stretched from stern to stem, so perfect in their rigidity as to suggest that they were part of the structure of the ship. Men who had seen many similar reviews said they never witnessed anything more perfect than the smart style in which not only the crew of the flagship manned the salute, but stood at attention, but the way it was accomplished by every other ship in the majestic procession.

The Pennsylvania passed the Mayflower at 400 yards. The President and Mrs. Harding saluted the colors from the conning platform of the Mayflower's bridge, high raised above the rest of the company aboard ship, and every soul on the Pennsylvania, and the following vessels had a first glimpse of the Commander-in-Chief and of the first lady of the land.

The Utah followed at 800 yards, a spectacle no less impressive and thrilling than that supplied by the flagship herself, and then came the rest of the battleships, the Florida, Capt. Percy N. Tompkins; Delaware, Capt. John N. Tompkins; North Dakota, Capt. Martin E. French; Arizona, Capt. William W. Phelps; Oklahoma, Capt. Noble E. Irwin; Nevada, Capt. Luke McNamee; Connecticut, Capt. Ralph Earle; South Carolina, Capt. T. T. Craven, and Michigan, Capt. C. D. Sterns. All gave the Presidential salute, of course, but the Mayflower fired once only as the column passed, the salute due the fleet commander, Admiral Wilson. The Connecticut, South Carolina and Michigan had returned from Guantanamo ahead of the main fleet and had rejoined it outside the Capes.

The commanders of the battleship fleet have histories which interested the President as the first line swept past. Admiral Wilson, whom they used to call "Tag" Wilson, when he went to Annapolis with his present boss, the Secretary of the Navy, and with whom he was graduated in 1881, of which class the new Senator from Maryland, O. E. Weller, was also a member, looks like a picture of the old-time British sea dog who gave Horatio Nelson his chance. During the war Wilson commanded at Brest the naval forces employed in French waters.

### Big Array of Sea Fighters.

Vice-Admiral Hilary Jones had command of the cruiser and transport forces that he led to do rather direct with getting across about a third of the troops that were sent over. Rear Admiral Edward Eberle, com-

manding the seventh division of the battleships, used to be superintendent of the Naval Academy and turned out more officers for permanent and temporary commissions than the Academy had previously produced in its whole history.

With the passing of the superdreadnoughts came the line of destroyers, hornets of the sea. Rear Admiral Ashley H. Robertson commanded the forces aboard the Black Hawk, and then there passed the William B. Preston, the Barney, Crowninshield, Proble, Bernadou, Dahlgren, Goldsborough, Semmes, Satterlee, Mason, Graham, Dickerson, Leary, Schenck, Herbert, Hatfield and Sigsbee, some of them fairly old timers but efficient looking enough, and some of them brand new 35 knot racers that are almost as big and virtually as useful as light cruisers. Their sides were manned in perfect array, and every destroyer paid the President the honor due him of twenty-one guns.

Away back in the mist as the speed burners of the service faded into the southeast showed the submarines, their long line of eighteen led by a new one, T. I. good for eighteen knots on top of the sea and twelve and a half underneath, their sloping decks were trimmed with crews in line, and for the President's benefit the submarine fighters revived the old navy custom of manning ship with arms outstretched. It gave a curious effect, something like the cryptograms in Sir Conan Doyle's tale of "The Dancing Man," but the novelty was heartily appreciated by the President, who expressed his pleasure.

The Pennsylvania shot past the Mayflower a few ticks after 9, and it was 10:15 when the last submarine sloughed by and was lost in the murk. By that time the Pennsylvania, far up the line toward the inner bay, had dropped anchor, as had her followers. Then the fleet hustled into its dress clothes, lines of brilliantly colored signal flags running fore and aft from truck to truck, always a beautiful picture. They were ready for the President's final survey.

### Mayflower Passes the Fleet.

At 10:45 the Mayflower lifted her anchor, swung gracefully about against the tide and made her way up to and through the steel lane formed by battleships and destroyers. As she glided past the great ramparts of Fort Monroe that ancient citadel raised the echoes with a salute, and almost at once the ships of the line took up the tale, the Arizona signalling the President's coming to the Utah and so along to the flagship herself at the extreme end. It was wham-bang-ammock from all directions for the next ten minutes as the Mayflower paced steadily along until she dropped anchor sixty yards from the Pennsylvania, and Admiral Wilson's barge soon was seen approaching over the gray waters, the starred red flag a lovely spot of color upon a dismal waste. Up the accommodation ladder ran the Admiral, sprightly as a youth, and was promptly greeted by the boss of all admirals.

"Well, how has it gone?" asked the President, smilingly.

"It would have been fine—perfect," replied Admiral Wilson, "if an old ship named after the State you came from hadn't got in my anchorage and messed up the game."

O, you shouldn't mind that," laughed the President. "That isn't the first time Ohio has been known to get in somebody's way."

The Admiral's call of ceremony was followed by the departure from the Mayflower to the Pennsylvania of the President and Mrs. Harding and their guests. Once more the saluting guns bespoke the greatness of the office of President, and then the President found himself upon the Pennsylvania's quarter deck, the target for 1,300 pairs of eyes. A receipt for the officers of the fleet followed immediately—for submarines carry no boats and there was no way for the divers of the fleet to come to the party without swimming.

Not caring to do that they took their playthings into the naval base at Wiltoughby Spit and laid them up snug in slips.

Admiral Wilson, standing with the President and Mrs. Harding, first presented the commanders, and in turn every commander presented his juniors. This was a fairly long ceremony, as almost a thousand officers craved the honor of saluting and shaking hands with the Chief. As each man passed—his right hand for the President's grip—it was done with finally, and Admiral Wilson whispered a request for an address, saying the whole fleet would appreciate the honor. The President consented and made his way through the press, escorted by the Admiral, to the base of the after gun turret. Standing upon the warproof hatch and directly under three paralleled fourteen inch guns, he told the Navy that American citizens are to be protected and American rights maintained.

When his address was done he went to the starboard gangway and paused while officers and men stood rigidly at attention and the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" floated over the water. At the end, and with a bow to the Admiral, he gave Mrs. Harding his arm and went down the ladder to the renewed crash of the national salute. At 2 P. M. the Mayflower was in motion for Chesapeake Bay, the Potomac and Washington.

### SPONTANEOUS 'CURE' OF TUBERCULOSIS SHOWN

Dr. Leroy Gardner Tells of Guinea Pig Tests.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD. SARANAC LAKE, April 28.—Dr. Leroy Gardner, head of the Saranac Lake Laboratory, read a paper to-day before the final meeting of the Saranac Lake Medical Society which, according to the specialists present, upsets the present theory of the action of the tubercular bacillus.

Dr. Gardner showed that many guinea pigs which had been infected with a mild strain of tuberculous bacilli showed spontaneous healing. He said that the pigs recovered without any of the scars such as are visible on the lungs of people who have recovered from tuberculosis. He talked with accompanied by lantern slides showing the lungs of infected pigs free from lesions.

Several specialists said that if it had not been for the slides, which furnished visible proof, they would have been inclined to doubt that no scars were left. They announced that they would watch for further developments which might tend to throw more light on the mystery which surrounds immunity to tuberculosis.

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York had turned its most serious attention to straw hats and golf suits.

Straw hats in all the accepted styles—golf suits of tweeds and gabardines, flannels and linens.

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